

Musa Querula,
DE REGIS. IN
Scotiam Profectione.

The Muses Complaint of
the KINGS journey to
SCOTLAND.



LONDON.

Printed by Thomas Harper for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his
shop at Saint Austens gate.

1633.

AD
JACOBVM HAYVM,
Illustrem Carlitiae Co-
mitem.

A Vrea quem decorat pietas, &
candida virtus,
Sanguineisque domus nobilitata
jugis,

HAYE, meas olim gerras quâ
fronte solebas,
Hoc breve, sed gemini sume cli-
entis opus.

Rex argumentum est, nemo te gra-
tior illi,

Illum te nemo sanctius, HAYE,
colit.

Honori tuo, dum vi-
vet, devotissimus,

ARTVRVS IONSTONVS.



TO THE ILLVSTRI-
ous Lord, JAMES HAY,
Earle of *Carlile*.

THou whom high worth
and vertue doth adorne,
By whom three bloody Sheilds
in field are borne,
Great HAY, accept with a
smooth brow my short
Conceits, of your two servants
the disport.
A King's the Theme, with
whom than you is none
More gracious, nor a man is
more his owne.

*Your Honours, while
he lives, most obliged,*

FRA. KINASTON

Regina Regi.

TEndis ad extremos, mea lux, mea
vita, Britannos,
Regia tam longæ causa Corona via
est.

Me sine tota tibi gelidis in montibus
estas,

Hæc eadem sine te tota terenda mihi
est.

Vnius imperium populi nos dividit: or-
bis

Terrarum tanti num Diadema fuit?

The Queene to the King.

YOU goe (deare Love) to Britaines
utmost bound,

The cause of your long way is to
be crown'd,

Among cold hills a summer there
you'll spend,

And I without you here the same
must end :

One peoples Empire thus will sunder
them

Whose parting's more then the
worlds Diadem.

Rex Regina. 947

Dum breve nos tempus, brevis & via
dividit uxor,

De me, deq; tuâ desine sorte queri.

Mille tibi pro me libabunt oscula nati

Carolus & fratri juncta tenella soror.

Et, nisi me noster fallit Podalyrius, intus

Quod te soletur pignus amoris habes.

The King to the Queene.

VVhile a short stay, short way
divides us twaine,
Nor yet of me, nor of your hap com-
plaine.

My *Charles* and *Mary* while you doe
me misse,

A thousand times your Rosy cheekē
will kisse:

And if our Physicks learned leach say
true,

You have within you that will com-
fort you.

Reginæ querimonia
de Scotis.

Borbonia tutela domus (gens Martia)
nostris

Fœdere quam prisco junxit Achaius
avis

Dum te noster amor sine me petit, hostica
facta es,

Meque, meo dum tu vivis amore, ne-
cas

Lux sine luce mihi, sine somno tempora
noctis,

Hora die, sæclo longior annus erit;
Aut agnosce fidem violatam, & fœdera
rupta,

Aut citò delicias, Scotia, redde meas.

*The Queenes complaint of
the Scots.*

THou warlike nation whom *Achai-*
us tyed

In league, and made our house of
Borbones guard.

Since thou my Love and mee dost
now divide,

Thou art become my foe, whose heart
so hard

T'enioy my heart my owne life hast
not spar'd.

My dayes want light, my nights sleep;
longer are

The houres then dayes, the yecre then
age by farre;

Either confesse our league is broken
here,

Or *Scotland* quickly send me backe
my deere.

Scotiæ Apologia.

Borbonia Dea gentis honor, nec tu mi-
bi leſa es,

*Fœderis antiqui nec violata fides,
Non ſine te noſtras tendit tuus ignis in
oras;*

*Nupta ſui pars eſt dimidiumque viri:
Nec mihi dum ſiſtit ſe Rex, tu ſola re-
liſta es;*

*Hic etiam pars eſt dimidiumque tui;
Et ſi dimidium plus toto creditur, ultra
Nil pete, jam plus quam me, Dea,
poſcis babes.*

Scotland's Apologie.

Faire Goddesse, honour of the Bor-
bons name,
You are not wrong'd, no faith is
broke, no strife;
Not without you your Love to our
coasts came,
Part of the Husbands heart, is the
Good-wife;
Nor while the King staves here are
you alone,
Who is your deerer part, and halfe of
life,
And if the halfe, who wholly is your
owne,
Be greater then the whole, and more
entire.
Aske nought, you have more then
you can desire.

De pluviis Anglicanis & Sco-
tica serenitate.

Bis latuit, munda bis luxit Cynthia,
nimbis

Ex quo continuis Anglia mersa jacet:

Hic dum ver hyemat, tellus Fergusia
Soles

Adspicit auratos, & sine nube dies.

Dum Rex in patriam Thamesi parat ire
relictâ,

Vna madet lacrymis, altera ridet bu-
mus.

*Of the rainy weather in Eng-
land, and the faire in
Scotland.*

TWice hath bright Cynthia wand,
twice fill'd her round,
Since *England* with continuall raine
lies drownd;
While Spring here winters, *Scotland*
doth behold
Dayes without cloudes, skies azure,
Sunnes of gold.
Thus whiles the King from *Thames*
to *Tweed* doth goe,
One Kingdome smiles, the other
weepes for woe.

Anglia de se. 70

Rex iter Arctos dum moliretur in
oras,

Tota fui lachrymis penè sepulta meis.
Nunc ubi discedit, cessant quos fudi-
mus imbres,

Est major lachrymis scilicet iste dolor.

England of her selfe.

WHile towards the North the
King his course doth steare,
I was nere drown'd in griefe with
many teare,
Now hee is going, griefe doth stint
those showres,
For greater then teares is this griefe
of ours.

Anglia ad Scotiam.

Sexta tibi Regem nunc reddit Olympi-
as, oris

Et datur optati cernere dulce jubar:

Quod facis, hac fas est testari gaudia
risu,

Effari nullâ, Scotia, voce potes.

VIRTUS NOS ORNAT.

England to Scotland.

TH E sixt Olympiad to thy coasts
doth bring

Thy wishd Sunbeam and makes thee
see thy King.

Thou dost well, SCOTLAND, thus thy
myrth t'expresse

In smiles alone, for all words are farre
lesse.

FRA. KINASTON, Knight.

English to German

THE first Olympiad being the
year of the
The world's beginning and
the first king
Thou dost well, soothly say
my first experience
in fables alone, for all words are
false

English to German

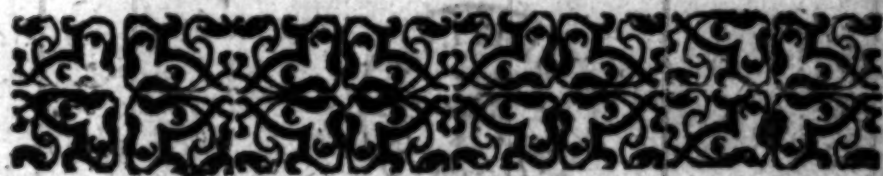




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